Let Your Lives Speak
TIME OF PROMISE

In spring the heart ignores old boundaries
And soars with lark and linnet to the sky
Transformed by April songbird ecstasies
And poignant lure of passing wild geese cry.
Hope weaves a green spell on each laureled hill
And hollow where the dark wood violets grow;
On wind-kissed orchard slope pale petals spill
A promise that the deer and squirrel know.
April awakens dreams with every wind
That blows warm sunshine into shadowed places,
While hearts, so bleakly winter-disciplined,
Remember whimsical, endearing graces.
The fallow time is past; now spirits grope
Through rain and tears to April’s breathless hope.

—Alice Mackenzie Swaim
A Letter for Someone's Pocket

The letter in my mailbox looked like any other letter: my name and address, a postmark, a return. Nothing extraordinary in its appearance. Just a run-of-the-mill letter, an everyday sort of letter like all those millions of others that overload the U.S. postal system, resulting in widespread demands for more and better automation, less junk mail, more efficient processing of those designated “first class.”

But who could have discerned the importance of this particular letter, outside of the thirteen-cent postage paying its way? Who could have assessed or decoded its message, even had the letter been opened and read to prove its legitimacy? For, embedded in a few other words its essential message was just too simple: “How your letters have helped me! I carry your last one around with me in the pocket of my ski jacket, and it has been reread many times.”

I studied those few words, trying to decipher their meaning, written as they were on the gaily flowered stationery that itself carried the message of a desperate situation in her life. Perhaps it simply told her that she was not alone. Someone understood—or was trying to understand. Someone heard her cry and was responding to it, not trying to lead her through the dark forest she had encountered, but simply calling out, “Yes, I hear you! Don’t be afraid. You will come through! Yes! I hear you. I have faith you will find your way. I have faith in you and your power to find the path, even though I myself cannot tell you where it lies.”

So she carries the letter in her pocket, wherever she goes. Is it a talisman, some magic thing to ward off evil? Or does this action bespeak a faith in the power that flows through one person to another, a power that will help us pass through the crying, quaking crises of our lives?

But one cannot carry a telephone conversation in one’s pocket, feel the reassuring crispness of the paper it is written on, hear its faintly audible crackle lessen as it wears into worn and tattered creases at the folds. One can’t take it out and study it intently, time and again, to see whether the remembered reassurance is still there, nor touch it with one’s fingertips in tense and anxious moments, a reminder that it has not gone away—and won’t go away.

But in a world where communication can travel now with the speed of light, can a simple letter truly have such power? To my mind, the answer is yes—if there is someone to receive it, someone ready and willing to respond, to help maintain a two-way flow, an unbroken circuit to deliver the spontaneous impulse. A willingness to help bear another’s pain; the humility to refrain from proffering advice, however wise one may consider it; the patience to recognize the God-given opportunity delivered to one’s private mailbox: in such a spirit our letters can bring healing and reassurance, no matter how weak and frail they may appear to be.

But shall we be present, be at home, when the letter comes? For the acceleration of the delivery of messages has also accelerated the speed of moving objects—and people. Though we may have a fairly fixed mailing address, some of us don’t stay too long at a time. We can be half way around the world in a few hours—and it may be then that the hidden, internal disaster strikes. How then shall we respond? And is there not the temptation to be able to spot more readily the great objective disaster and our part in helping to alleviate it rather than the bruising, throbbing inner circle of our family and friends, where our own failures and daily idiosyncrasies are only too well known?

So what is the answer? one may ask. Must we all stay at home in one spot constantly, listening for the telephone to ring, waiting for the postman who may not come? I do not know the answer. But I do know that in our present world skidding along at such inordinate speed, with events piling one on top of another faster than we can deal with them, there is a desperate need for someone to stop and listen, someone with time to care, someone who will write a letter to carry in one’s pocket to touch—and just know it’s there. Isn’t that the true basis of human communication?

RK
A man bent and unkempt entered the restaurant to sit at the counter. He was shaggily bearded and neglectfully dressed. From all appearances, a derelict battered by life’s relentless surf.

There were furtive glances from patrons with faces slack at the prospect of this seeming intrusion. Management huddled quickly to decide whether a waitress or waiter would do the responding, while the visitor sat quietly looking at the menu. There was nothing mechanically ritualistic in what he did.

But there was something about his eyes, something in them speaking deeply to one’s own depths. The eyes were ineffable, though readily seen. I wondered about his habits and appetites. Still do. Probably shameful, his propensities.

Yet there was a certain quality in the eyes as he came in and looked at the menu and sat waiting to be served.

After a few minutes, I expected more actual disturbance from a drowned moth, no longer feeling trouble from this man, somehow. But there were his eyes. They were not prowlers intent on fastening, eye-leveling with someone or thing. Rather, they spoke of boundless preoccupation. His eyes revealed a pleading, haunting, exquisitely sensitive transparency, elegantly beseeching.

For an instant, this man’s countenance, and the Cross, had merged . . . and my soul staggered as from a heavy blow.

I was both saddened and gladdened as the severity of the man in the restaurant melted away . . . and my earlier judgmentalness with it. I was sad at being a part of the isolation and unease hovering over the room when he came in. I had helped make possible the high-voltage ambiance so ideally suited to one’s capacity to hate, fear and distrust. The loneliness I felt was all my own lonelinesses during those first moments of his arrival.

That was several months ago.

Today I learned of the death of the untidy man with whom I had had a wordless confrontation. He was struck by an automobile while staggering along a highway one cold night in January. The newspaper feature item described him as a harmless wanderer around here, maybe even someone of standard earlier success who had turned to drink and self-destruction. While in a drunken stupor, once he was quoted as mumbling in tears ‘‘. . . thinking of memories.’’ He was called ‘‘Tom’’ but that was not his real name.

The cafe incident had put me in touch with life in a way I do not often encounter. My common humanity identified deeply with the plight of another person. I felt the freedom and justice of mercy and compassion, even if only briefly. Ultimate stuff. I had released my stranglehold on self to taste the Spirit of far broader realms.

How does one sift through one’s feelings now that ‘‘Tom’’ is gone forever from physical view? I am aware of self-consciousness prancing for reactions dramatic and grandiose. I feel almost obligated to be properly moved upon noting his death. Ego-centricity, be gone!

But there is nothing to sift, no pieces to put back together. No glamor or passion at all. Yet there is an intensity in seeking the right words.

The issue had long since been resolved. ‘‘Tom’’ went the way he was headed as anyone who would look well knew. He was blasted from this mortal existence in more ways than one. So the particular piece is whole now just as it was then, at the eating place, as my fears evaporated.

What was, and is, are simple and direct. ‘‘Tom’s’’ time in my experience exerted in me a timeless power unto itself, indestructible, and forever nourishing and independent of validation. No matter how much and often I may be fragmented, his influence will remain steadfast.

One knows these things inside.

Wilfred Reynolds writes avocationally. He is a member of Evanston (IL) Meeting and has been clerk of Illinois Yearly Meeting, Friends General Conference.
My Daffodils Look Different

Lord, how we made fun of those daffodils.
Dear Melissa usually stood up on the Day of the Daffodils (or the nearest Sunday to it) and spoke about the hard winter and the deep snows and the cold and how the daffodils represented to her the light at the end of the darkness, the sweetness after the sour, the good days after the bad, the gift of God to us all.

Occasionally, we insiders would find in us the courage to tilt our heads slightly and find our friends or partners in the suitably-hushed meeting and slightly, rather slightly, roll our eyes about a bit.

We were impatient with the daffodils.
They seemed to represent the trivial in the Religious Society of Friends. The daffodils represented all that was silly and unimportant and evasive and just not serious. When we got home from meeting (if we hadn't exhausted ourselves on the subject on the way home in our noisy auto—jam full of kids and friends, laughing, mimicking) we spoke about what meeting should be, could be—if only—if only. Usually the if-onlys meant (in our mind’s eyes) someone would stand up and rouse us all from our historic sleep, remind us of our destinies, move us on to the next century. (If one of us had indeed spoken, we would comment on the many commentators on what we said or on the deep annoyed silence that followed.)

I remember in this context the dear Friend who always spoke about the farm workers and about our obligation to avoid scab grapes and scab lettuce. I suffer thoughts of the young ones who urged the meeting to spend all of its budget on relief to the hungry ones. I recall the passion of the one who said we had no passion about the imprisoned poor of our society. There was, too, the young man who stood up in meeting, a stranger, and asked for support for his decision not to go to war. Fondly, too, I think of the man we called “Bishop,” who said that since we had no creeds, we could only judge each other by our practices and that, therefore, only the fullest adherence to our testimonies was acceptable to the Society and to membership in it.

But now, trying to pull it all together, I ask Dear Melissa to forgive me.
For I see that we were all sharing daffodil stories.
Our messages were indeed about daffodils. They were about life. They were about joy. They were about appreciation of the moment. And they spoke, too, as did her messages, about the unfolding of the human spirit.

Perhaps from this perspective the daffodil can unite us in the Religious Society of Friends. Visible, mysterious, perplexing, symbolic, it is surely better than our vagueness about the Inner Light. Any Quaker troublemaker would admit, what you can’t see you can’t believe.

But we can believe daffodils.
If we could find our way to interpreting our many vocal gifts and most troubled concerns as daffodils, the next century of Quakerism might indeed flourish, a veritable greenhouse of light and sound and joy and hushed wonderment at what we have produced.

The key to it all, I suppose, is in recognizing a daffodil when I see it.
Meeting—the fourth for our new group—is over. I sit in a deep chair holding in my hands a cassette recorder that could easily slip into any jacket pocket. Serkin and the Los Angeles Symphony are playing Mozart’s twenty-third piano concerto.

I listen, crying. The fidelity is beyond anything I would have believed possible in so small a machine before it was handed to me (for dictating) two weeks ago. I try to picture, through half forgotten college physics, the magnetic tape controlling subtle changes of micro-current, the infinitesimal vibrations of the speaker sounding each crisp note of the piano and each separate timbre of piano, cello, flute, horn, as if they were being played right here in the room where I sit. All this, from a tape made by leaving the recorder running in front of the radio while I was not there.

All this, from a thin layer of iron molecules obediently recording every subtlety of the music for my permanent listening, in a machine built for my pocket.

The slow, middle movement states its sad and plaintive message with each deliberate note of the piano, and each grave phrase of response from the orchestra. The refusal of all hurry, the insistence on time for the full meaning of each note, and for peace and for sadness seems to reflect more of Mozart’s world than ours. I cry not for the sadness of that movement, but for “everything.” The marvel of miniaturization and high fidelity music that I hold in my hands happens to be a spin-off from an industry busy perfecting tools for other purposes, as well, the more precisely to destroy people and villages and industries, defoliate the earth, and inflict other horrors that we design for use on each other: inhumanities as unfathomable as their cousin in technology: my beloved little new toy.

On the wall across the room hangs the February page of the “Geigy calendar.” The photograph shows a tiny cluster of adze-finished, hand-hewn beam dwellings clinging to a grassy mountainside, with the vast granite and snow massif of the Swiss Alps carving a line in the blue sky close behind. The picture draws my eye from any point in the room. There are no people in it, just the peaceful little village with its road and strong, thick mat of faded-green winter pasture grass, and the great, craggy peaks beyond.

The “Geigy calendar” is an event in the medical community every December. I usually ask for two, a request always smilingly granted by the Geigy detail man. Then I have one each for office and home, or an extra to give away.

This “gift” is part of the five thousand dollars per physician that the drug companies are estimated to spend every year persuading physicians to prescribe their wares to their patients. Geigy is one branch of a pharmaceutical industry so successfully dedicated, in the name of “health,” to depriving us of our freedom to care for ourselves that we hardly recognize its doing so. It sells drugs, building legal moats and walls (“Foundations,” etc.) around the resulting profits. Except for managing its various lucrative subsidiaries and affiliates, it has no other purpose. To this end it does everything in its power to help doctors see patients not as living persons, but as things to be chemically restored to standard functioning by selecting the “appropriate” medication(s). To this end

Robert C. Murphy is a psychiatrist. He has recently joined the staff of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Sheridan, Wyoming.
it assists and encourages physicians to invent diseases "manageable" by drugs: "menopause," in perfectly healthy women; "minimal brain damage" in youngsters, many of whom may be just more high-spirited than their neighbors; "anxiety" in people, many of whom are trying, without need for interference, to work through legitimate life crises, etc. To this end it has gained subtle, but major, control of the Food and Drug Administration and other government and academic bodies related to "health"—the meaning of which word it largely decides for most of us. It uses the clout thereby gained to stamp out, wherever possible, grass roots movements toward actual health that look as if they might make inroads into the vast sickness industry. To the same end it takes away from us the search for our own well-being in ways far, far beyond what we are conditioned to recognize.

The thirteen pictures of the calendar are as magic-pure as the Mozart slow movement, still playing.

It was a lovely meeting, I reflect. After worship we had refreshments and talked well into the afternoon. We talked of the cross country skiing that has been so magnificent in the Big Horns this winter, and addressed the question of how best to let potentially interested people know of our new meeting. We spoke of starting a natural food co-op, as one of a variety of possible activities we might go into when our roots are strong enough to support group action.

That discussion turned our attention to several related matters. We spoke of the steadily marching increase in the poisoning of our food supplies and of our helplessness to know, from the stocked shelves, where the greatest concentrations of them are lurking. I told of having written a professional inquiry to the government six months ago about the use in food of a known carcinogen called ETU, and of how my letter was acknowledged—but remains unanswered. Toward the end of our visit, those of us who were left spoke of what appears to be the inexorably approaching general collapse of our economy that throws its shadow on the very availability of food and other needs, in our futures.

But we were happy; "there is a spirit." I don't know whether any of us was conscious of it; it was just there. It enlivens conversation, and makes project planning and skiing more fun. It does not make the sense of danger looming over us any less real. It makes it more so. Thus it gently prods us back to where life is: here, now, this afternoon, and very likely tomorrow, and meeting next Sunday, and some work, and planning as we can for our projects and our futures, and maybe skiing in between—and keeping alert to taking a stand for life whenever opportunities present themselves.

The nightmare in all its forms is there, and real, and will not just go away. But we—even though inevitably part of it—are all right.

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**Shared Relevance (For Colin Bell at 75)**

Nothing is so relevant as knowing your age. The sorting out process for intentions and accomplishment is best left to one's posterity.

Your vitality is vast, discloses for measurement the capacity to let potentially interested people know of our new meeting. We spoke of starting a natural food co-op, as one of a variety of possible activities we might go into when our roots are strong enough to support group action.

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Learning and Change
In the Shoe Shop

by Frank Adams

If you agree that the community is but one of many teachers, as the ancient Greeks believed, then the idea of teaching in a cobbler's shop may not sound preposterous. The job I do is fix shoes and make leather sandals while, at the same time, attempting deliberately to use the community I live in as an educative force for social change.

The shoe repair shop, called the Awl-Soles Shoe Repair & Leatherworks on the few bits of paper necessary to keep a very small business going, is in the county seat of a rural, quite poor, political subdivision of northeastern North Carolina. So-called progress has been fended off in Gates County and Gatesville, its county seat. There are no fast-food hamburger drive-ins, no air-conditioned malls, no superhighways. Traffic gets heavy—compared to what we are used to—for a few minutes around nine a.m. and five p.m. Local wits call it the rush minute.

The shop is across the street from the post office, and next door to the weekly newspaper office. People come and go all day, stopping usually to exchange greetings or gossip. Just around the corner on Main Street is the county's largest grocery store. There you can buy excellent sharp cheddar cheese, chain saws, New York or California wines, hog jowls, wire screening, seeds and fertilizers, nuts or bolts. The school administration offices, headquarters for the county's largest employer, the county library and courthouse, and welfare offices are in sight of the shoe shop half a block away.

Here, as in most rural places in the South, the tradition of sitting around talking in a store endures. In the past, these gatherings were the places we could learn without appearing ignorant. Valuable information could be learned about farming or logging, or road conditions if the weather was bad, who was doing what in politics, and what happened in the last session of court. We could find out what was happening in the world beyond from the drummers who stopped in, too, peddling this or that. To insure that nobody got the idea we were there for less than serious trading, someone usually provided a checker board. Having grown up in a similarly rural community thirty miles away, I knew the importance of country stores in our culture as learning centers.

But I also knew that much of the talk in these places was racist, or sexist, baseless tittle-tattle, often mean-spirited and usually politically reactionary. Only when I saw how Jake and Edith Easterling of Poorbottom Hollow, Kentucky, and Joe Begley of Blackey, Kentucky, nearby, used the community stores they ran did I realize the potential of such places for social change.

For years, the Easterlings and Begley have been in the thick of efforts to end poverty, to stop strip-mining, to insure that their neighbors were not trampled on by government and the rich. They and their Appalachian neighbors have not always won the fights they got into, but they seldom got pushed around because they didn’t know who was pushing, or because they misjudged their opposition, or because they acted as individuals, not collectively.

I was on the staff of Highlander Research and Education Center in New Market, Tennessee, when I came to know the Easterlings and Joe Begley, and how they used their stores. What they were doing naturally in their native communities I felt could be duplicated as an experiment in education at the grass-roots level. So, when my work at Highlander was finished, I learned the cobbler's trade, collected the necessary equipment second-hand, and opened the shoe shop/education center trying to answer these questions:

Can greater social use be made of what might be described as accidental learning? Could talk in a country store become one means of focusing knowledge about civic affairs so that racist, sexist and exploitative power relationships were altered? Would it be possible to provide low-cost, independently financed informal or community education in the South without depending on
grants or fund-raising? Could small, community-based education centers become enclaves for a social movement?

Before attempting to answer these questions, some sense of what happens in the shoe shop during the day, and of the shop itself, should be briefly shared. Besides all the necessary equipment to repair shoes and for making sandals, there is a small table (with a checker board, of course), three chairs, a rocker, and a couple of stools. While the shop is small, it has a sense of space because of two huge windows which run from the ceiling almost to the floor and look out on Court Street's daily activity. Bright yellow and orange paint on the machinery and furniture liven the atmosphere. A few plants soften the shop's interior lines. A bulletin board holds a spate of meeting notices and news items, plus a bumper sticker or two proclaiming, "Legalize Freedom."

The curriculum does not grow from a fixed notion of what should be taught, nor from a textbook or ideology, but rather from the life of our county, its households, its schools, its religious ceremonies, its festivals, and its public affairs. While I'd like to fancy myself an unbiased teacher operating in the traditions of a university professor orating on all sides of an issue, I am not. Civic affairs, in general, and poverty, powerlessness, sexism and racism, in particular, are issues which affect me, and which most directly impair life in Gates County and in the world. So these issues are discussed frequently in the shop, and I hasten to add, often with greater care for gathering the facts, for examining the human factors involved, and for exploring the alternative courses of action than has been my experience in a college classroom. To do otherwise could be hazardous to your health.

After all, the explicit aim of discussions in the shop is to put what we learn together about our common problems into collective use; to act on what we know to be unjust or unlawful in Gates County.

There is no daily agenda. Who comes in, and what is on their minds, and what they will talk about is what is talked about. In this sense, the learning is accidental. Sometimes, I continue fixing shoes while talking with the one or several persons present. At other times, I stop and join them around the checker table. Frequently, I provoke conversation. "Have you heard..." or, "What do
As often, I contribute nothing when several people are discussing an issue they have begun talking over. In this sense, too, learning is accidental. But we are all peers; learning takes place horizontally rather than vertically as is the circumstance in a traditional classroom.

There are, of course, patterns of continuity. Very few civic problems have easy solutions. The process by which individuals arrive at the point where they feel confident enough of themselves to act publicly on a civic problem differs from individual to individual and is painfully slow, although usually evident. People, however, do get issues on their minds and come back repeatedly to talk again about still another aspect of what's troubling them. Some community issues loom so large that many people want to talk, and these on and off conversations may last over a period of several weeks, or even a month or two. There is no formula for when or how to ask the essential question, "What can we do about it?" Sometimes it is obviously too soon to ask; other times the opportunity is lost in a fleeting second. Nevertheless, the question must be raised. Action must result. Collectively.

Some "customers" come by regularly; others only when they have some shoes to be fixed. Still others come when they feel the pinch of a social problem they have heard discussed in the shop. They are young and old, black and white, men and women. We have talked about the particulars of taxes, politics and candidates, prisons, Alex Haley's *Roots*, peanut acreage allotments, revenue sharing, the school system's shortcomings and strengths, the preservation of a beautiful millpond as a state park, the shortage of doctors. We have mourned the death of a good neighbor, and celebrated some good times. We have told a few jokes, usually on ourselves. But as we talk, as a teacher, I always keep in mind to ask how we can empower ourselves to meet our self-defined problems collectively.

What has happened in Gates County as a result?

An unqualified response would be unjustified; the shoe shop has been open only two years. Insufficient time has elapsed to warrant any final judgments. I learned at Highlander that ten to fifteen years are required to "unearth the seeds of fire." Too, it would be impossible as well as improvident to suggest that some events would not have taken place were it not for the shoe shop. However, for those in the county who work hard to maintain the status quo, and who hold power, the shoe shop is given credit for virtually anything which results in social change. The shop is a thorn in their sides. But their talk about it brings in new "customers." And while their charges about its effectiveness are exaggerated, the shoe shop affirms what the ancient Greeks believed, and what Paul Goodman used to say frequently about learning, "The job we do, the environment we live in, and the social culture of our communities educates us."

For example, on the most rudimentary level, blacks and whites, men and women, young and old have found the shoe shop a place where they can talk as equals. About fifty-six percent of the county's population is black. Old segregationist traditions continue. In this part of North Carolina, blacks are to be seen and not heard, are to work, not think. So to see a black man or woman introduced to a white person, then to watch them shake hands, then talk as equals, is to see Jim Crow wither. For a woman to be taken seriously in the discussion of civic issues is to dismantle another rural South taboo. For the young to have a place where they can talk to adults about drugs and sex without fear provides an example of what could be rather than the continued constraint of what is. These "little" events happen regularly in the shoe shop.

The alteration of individual consciousness is not the only result. Organizations have sprung to life from talk in the shoe shop. As so often happens when people talk together who have been kept apart by design, tradition or fear, they find each has pretty much the same problem, and, frequently, that problem derives from the same source. Once this commonality can be discovered by each
person, and experienced if not savored, then it is not difficult to encourage them to release their own individual potential and energy, and not merely seek relief from their problem. Getting organized with others seems a natural way to solve civic problems. The teacher's task at this point is to search through repeated questions, or the piling on of uncontested fact, until one spark will evoke the first action. This takes time and patience.

For example, within days after the shoe shop opened in September, 1975, one of the county's two overworked doctors shut down his practice to join the Coast Guard. He moved away. The community was shocked. He was a life-long resident. For more than two months after his departure, medical care became the chief topic of conversation. Slowly, by persistently asking the question "What can we do to start a community-controlled medical clinic?" at what seemed appropriate moments in the conversation, an informal group started meeting in the shoe shop once or twice a week without call or formal resolve. A young lawyer assumed a leadership role in the discussions. Blacks were assumed to be included both in the discussions and in the resulting organization. They needed medical care, and had taken part in the talks from the outset. The aid of the county's part-time public health director was enlisted. A county-wide fish fry was held to raise money to buy five acres of land for a clinic site. The search was begun for two doctors, a dentist, a physician's assistant, and others who would work in the clinic. Plans were drawn for a $350,000 primary care facility for two doctors, and a dentist. Emergency room care would be provided at a nearby hospital. State-level support was secured, and a grant of $56,000 was secured to train staff, bring the buildings up to federal certification standards, and buy equipment. State officials in charge of day care services say the drive in Gates County to establish day care is the only one of its kind in the state. It is being done completely by the citizens.

Both organizations used the shoe shop as a meeting place, as a place where messages could be left and delivered. The day care organization used it for bake sales. Larger meetings were held in various public buildings. In each, I took an active part in the development process but held no office and was only an informal part of the decision-making and discussion process.

A second organization also grew out of the shoe shop talks. One mother after another would come into the shop hauling an armload of shoes with a child or two in tow. Taking advantage of what I saw—mothers burdened with shoes and children—I started asking what each mother thought about day care centers, and why they thought there were no centers in the county. By accident one day, two young women, one black and one white, arrived in the shop simultaneously. After getting to know each other's names, I raised the questions with them. They started telling each other how a center would help, and how when they were children there always seemed to be a grandmother or aunt around to help tend children. It was a good talk between strangers. And I knew it could continue—they would come back for their shoes.

When the young black mother returned, she had obviously been thinking about our talk, and asked, "Do you suppose a day care center could be started here?" From that question grew a countywide organization calling itself Alternatives for Children in Gates County, Inc. Its members include men and women in equal proportion, not by design or mandate but by interest. They have devised their own goals, written their own by-laws, filled their own forms for state and federal tax exemption, held enough fund-raising events to buy a small building, and wrote their own Title XX contract for the local department of social services. Despite many setbacks—the most common being the refusal of owners to rent vacant houses to them because the center would be integrated—the first center for ten children will open in June, 1977. Three teachers, a director, and volunteers—all from Gates County—will be employed. A second center for fourteen children is being planned. A grant of $56,000 was secured to train staff, bring the buildings up to federal certification standards, and buy equipment. State officials in charge of day care services say the drive in Gates County to establish day care is the only one of its kind in the state. It is being done completely by the citizens.
state line in Virginia got to talking one Saturday about the gulf between the races in Gates County. A few weeks later, again in the shop for a shoeshine, they picked up their conversation, with the minister adding this time his idea that the county needed a human relations commission. They asked if I knew anyone with the North Carolina Human Relations Commission in Raleigh who could help them get one started. I agreed to find out, and, if possible, to arrange a meeting. In the months following, quiet meetings were held in homes around the county, each meeting attended by more persons than the previous one. Plans were laid for an organization. By-laws were drawn up. A public meeting was planned with the state director to attend. This was followed by the selection of a delegation to attend the county commissioners' meeting to formally request that they establish such a group.

There were a few tense moments. A young woman who worked with the agricultural extension service was threatened with being fired by her white boss. The Ku Klux Klan temporarily revived in the county. Both developments only underscored the minister's points when he and the other citizen-elected delegates appeared before the commissioners. The idea was approved. A fifteen-member commission was formed and started work bridging the color line.

These events have not shaken the world. No dramatic headlines have been written about them. And, unless I were to describe in greater detail the nature of the political fabric in Gates County, one could say that no significant alteration in power relationships resulted.

Five years ago, when my wife and two children moved to the county, there were no means by which blacks and whites could come to know one another save in the traditional dominant-subordinate roles, the old boss-servant shuffle. Today, as a direct result of educational experiences in the shoe shop, there are three such organizations. Indirectly, two others have come into being. One is an arts council; the other is a investment club formed among the local school administrators. Through all of these, the long suppressed wisdom and talent of people of both races and sexes are merging. New leaders have emerged.

People slowly have come to believe they can participate in public meetings. Again, five years ago no citizen attended meetings of the board of education. Today, upwards of twenty are frequently there. The schools are no longer run as a private club.

Blacks have gained a new self-image and esteem. Five years ago there was no black elected or appointed official in county government. Today, two blacks sit on the school board, one each sits on the county planning board, on the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, and on the department of social services board. Of thirty-six members on the county board of elections, eighteen are black. Blacks are equally represented on the local Democratic Party committee with whites. There has been some shift in the balance of power.

Still another factor has to be considered. Each of the organizations which grew from the shoe shop talks has created jobs, often for people with little or no formal education. In a county with an unemployment rate standing regularly at seven percent, where forty-three percent of the homes have no running water or electricity, and where each year is recorded the highest infant mortality rate in North Carolina, jobs are important. Moreover, these jobs have community esteem.

All is not roses, however. The shoe shop does not produce enough income to support my family. The economics of the cobbler's trade and the size of our community work against such hopes. It pays its own way and supplements my wife's income as a school teacher. On the other hand, I waste no time writing grant proposals to foundations, guarding what I judge needs to be said educationally for fear of losing tax-exempt status, or mailing pleas for donations.

Further, as an advocate of adult residential education, the shop has limitations. People can carry on extended conversations in it, but the format prevents implementing the powerfully educative opportunities which result when people live together for short periods of time, break bread over the table, or make music together. To counter this shortcoming, when discussions on issues seemed to warrant, I have arranged to use a regional meeting place for larger, overnight or weekend workshops.

But essentially, the shoe shop as an education center must be seen as the point of a spear, a place where previously half congealed thoughts can be said out loud, and where a response can be gotten, so that action results. The shop functions on three essential levels within the context of adult education: first, it permits a multi-level response to a whole range of issues; second, it provides linkages or a means of referral between groups and issues in our community and groups and issues in other communities nearby and in the region; and, third, through conversation with such a diverse group as the customers during the course of a day connections can be and are made between seemingly disparate issues and problems.

Yet to be seen is whether the idea can be duplicated. No experiment in education is worth its salt if it can't be done by others elsewhere. The Danish Folk Schools succeeded not because Kristen Kold managed to implement the ideas of Bishop Grundtvig, but because the school he started could become a reality elsewhere until, after numbers of them had opened, a powerfully revitalizing social movement formed. Then social change resulted.  

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Ralph Borsodi: The Flawed Prophet

by Chuck Fager

As Mildred Loomis pointed out in her article "Ralph Borsodi, Decentralist" (FJ 11/15/78), with Borsodi's death late last year, one of the major influences on the generation now in its thirties passed on, a figure whose impact has by no means ended with his death.

Mildred Loomis described in convincing detail why Borsodi was the intellectual godfather of the modern decentralist surge in our society, a cluster of related movements including homesteading, communalism, intermediate technologies, cottage industry, natural foods and holistic medicine. All these movements have, in varying degrees, appealed to Quakers, since we are by both theology and sociology an incurably decentralist lot. And all these were causes, among others, for which Borsodi campaigned all his long adult life. He wrote books, started schools, organized demonstration projects, and built his own homesteads several times over. The Mother Earth News, the voice of modern U.S. decentralism, not long ago hailed him as one of the most important philosophers in Western history.

Yet if Borsodi's influence has been so broad, why, as Mildred Loomis also noted, did he live and die in such obscurity? Why are his books mostly out of print and their author unheralded, while the work of a relative youngster like the late E.F. Schumacher, which breaks very little new ground, is publishing phenomenon, its writer lionized by the youth culture, the mass media and even Jimmy Carter?

Charles Fager is a freelance writer whose work is "related directly or indirectly to Quaker testimonies and concerns." His work appears regularly in many publications, including Sojourners and The San Francisco Bay Guardian. A version of this article appeared in WIN.

When Borsodi died, I was visiting a rural community which was built on Borsodi's philosophy, and this question kept coming to mind. I went prospecting for answers in two of his major works, Seventeen Problems of Man and Society, published in 1968, and This Ugly Civilization, published in 1929. Between them they cover a thousand pages of text, and they yielded several revealing clues. The first came from a new introduction to the earlier work by Dr. Robert Fogarty of Antioch College; Fogarty pointed out that while Borsodi was an effective homesteader, he was a consistently poor organizer. He was involved in a demonstration homesteading project in Dayton, Ohio, in the mid-thirties which broke up amid internal bickering and charges of highhandedness by Borsodi. Later in the decade, he set up new homestead communities in upstate New York and New Jersey under the aegis of his School of Living; but these too lapsed into internal quarrels and ended with his departure. A third venture, the University of Melbourne in Florida, similarly came to a dead end. These experiments were not without effect; the School of Living is still in business, operating out of a communal farm in York, Pennsylvania, publishing a magazine called The Green Revolution, holding conferences and short courses, and going its own crooked decentralized way. But none of these led to fame for their founder.

Borsodi fared somewhat better when he was invited to India in the late fifties to lecture and be in residence at a university in Gujarat. There he explored the similarities between his decentralist economics and the "constructive program" advocated by Mahatma Gandhi—but ignored by Nehru and his successors—as the basis for rebuilding India's economy after gaining independence from the British.

But again there were quarrels with his hosts; and then Borsodi's health broke down and he was forced to retire to New Hampshire. In Exeter his most widely known venture was a money reform experiment involving a new currency called Constants, which, unlike the dollar, was supposed to protect the user against the effects of inflation. That effort seems to have turned out well, perhaps because by then he was too old and infirm to be more than the inspiration for the project, which was actually managed by others.

Besides the vicissitudes of experience, however, other clues to Borsodi's obscurity turned up in the man's philosophy itself. For one thing, he was an antireligious rationalist; he railed against churches and their dogmas, East and West, at every opportunity. This was probably the major difference between Borsodi and E.F. Schumacher: Schumacher was a Catholic preaching intermediate technology as part of an overall religious reformation. He was also shrewd enough to cloak his message in the guise of "Buddhist economics," thus
making it appear exotic and even a bit esoteric to his youthful followers. And contemporary decentralists are nothing if not religious, especially if the religion is exotic and a bit esoteric.

Borsodi was also a thoroughgoing aristocrat of a type common at the turn of the century when he was growing up. In This Ugly Civilization he outlines his ideal of the Quality-Minded Man, of whom he estimated there was but one in a thousand of the inferior "herd-minded" or "quantity-minded" mortals. The elite Quality-Minded were the true centers and rightful masters of society. His homesteading program was aimed at providing them with an economic base free of the constraints imposed by the inferior masses and their decadent factory-centered life. They would make of their homesteads "little islands of intelligence and beauty amidst the chaotic seas of human stupidity and ugliness." In case anyone might miss the trend of this argument, Borsodi headed each section of the book with a quotation from Nietzsche's Thus Spake Zarathustra.

This ingrained attitude of superiority may well have had something to do with Borsodi's repeated failures as an organizer; people are not likely to follow someone so openly arrogant for long. But that's not all that came of it. Borsodi's opinion of women working in careers other than "homemakers" or otherwise foregoing motherhood was hardly what could be called advanced: "Thus they invite the life-long frustration which nature inflicts upon all those who flout her mandate of fecundity," he declared. Moreover, "the penalty exacted by nature from women who refuse motherhood is greater than that exacted from men who refuse fatherhood." Exactly why, we are not told, presumably it is self-evident. (It is worth noting that E. F. Schumacher espoused rather similar views but, again, was shrewd in that he was more circumspect about expressing them.)

The least attractive manifestation of Borsodi's elitism, though, is the manner in which he applied it to general matters of equality. Early on in Seventeen Problems of Man and Society, in the chapter on human nature to be exact, Borsodi asserts that "there are no facts whatsoever which indicate that 'all men are born equal,' or that both sexes are equal, or all families or all classes, or all nations, or all races, or all cultures and civilizations. And if they are not born equal, their potentialities for development are not equal either.... All attempts at compromising with the facts, particularly if it takes the form of intermarriage, must mean an elevation not of the inferior but a deterioration of the superior and, because of that, to the injury ultimately of everybody." (sic) He adds later, almost defiantly, "And if a refusal to preserve sentimentally the unfit and to utilize the world's material and professional resources and burden the fit by inundating the world with the feeblest, the stupider, the most moronic, and the least responsible dregs of the population, is Social Darwinism, then Social Darwinism is Humanism and Humanitarianism of the most farsighted kind."

Seventeen Problems was first printed in India. It was supposed to be published in the United States as well, by Porter Sargent, a small Boston publisher whose personal outlook was similar in many respects to Borsodi's. But Sargent and Borsodi quarreled over certain passages in the text, and when Borsodi refused to rewrite them, Sargent declined to publish it. Thus the book, which Borsodi thought of as his magnum opus, was deprived of a U.S. distributor, and is therefore extremely hard to find. I once interviewed the late publisher and asked what the subject of the quarrel had been; he was vague, insisting that he bore the author no animosity. But now I think I know what was at issue; Sargent had a progressive reputation on social issues and was not about to compromise it by a connection with the blatantly racist conclusions of Borsodi's argument.

Borsodi himself was unrepentant when I interviewed him a few years ago about his Constants-money reform project. "I am a Eugenist," he told me proudly, identifying himself explicitly with the early twentieth century Eugenics movement which was popular among many intellectuals of the time. That movement was later discredited when its doctrines, like Nietzsche's panegyrics to the Superman, came back to haunt the entire world in Nazi uniforms. That experience, however, had left him undaunted. This same Libertarian, bitterly opposed to government action in almost any sphere of life, was ready to trust a public agency with control over human reproduction. The contradiction is enough to take one's breath away; no wonder most of his one-time followers went looking for another guru.

Still, even if some of his key ideas are odious and better left forgotten, his overall decentralist philosophy is not. In fact, his homesteaders program of resistance to the total absorption of human existence into what he called The Factory Civilization provides a key to understanding some of the current realignments in American politics, especially those described with much anxiety by the mass media as a "Turn to the Right." The changes are not that simple, though rightwing political operatives are hard at work trying to make them so. Those who would like to keep these shifts from degenerating into a disastrous cultural polarization (among whom, I hope, are most Friends) will first need to understand the shifting values that underlie them. In pursuit of that understanding, we could well begin with a close, discriminating look at the career and writings of Ralph Borsodi. If he is deservedly obscure and substantially flawed, he was nonetheless a classically American philosopher of self-reliance and decentralization.
"Slow down, Bob!" I cried.

"But I'm going only five miles an hour," said he.

"Well, we're making waves, and they'll wash the loose soil into the canal," I answered.

So Bob slowed down to four miles an hour and we proceeded on our peaceful way along England's Lancaster Canal.

Like many others from the U.S., we had decided that this was the year to visit England. Our roots are there. We owe much to the energetic and innovative folk who, through the centuries, have peopled this lovely isle. Yet we had never been there. So 1977 was our year to become personally acquainted with Queen Elizabeth II's land.

We wanted a special introduction to England, for in a sense we were going home. How better could we get the feel of the countryside and of its good people than by spending a week on one of England's old canals?

During the Industrial Revolution in the late 1700s all of central England had a network of canals joining the large manufacturing and mining centers. In those days the canals—over 2,000 miles of them—were busy highways, crowded with barges laden with coal, wool, textiles, or mutton. Then the railroads offered speedier service, and the canals went into decline. But about sixteen years ago some imaginative boat lovers realized their recreational value, and restoration began. Today on the forty-mile stretch of the Lancaster Canal alone there are over 2,000 tiny houseboats.

Embarking on August 27, in a pouring rain, we were offered strong, hot tea as we came aboard. A brief lesson on how to run the thing, and we were off. Our boat was twenty-five feet long, had a tiny aft cabin for sleeping, a tiny fore cabin for cooking and living, and a six-foot square deck space in the middle. "Tranquil Moments" was her name. She had a four-cylinder diesel marine engine, and she had everything we needed to live in comfort for a week. We supplied the groceries for our very simple fare. We could tie up near certain small towns along the way and go to the store.

Oh, the lovely green countryside that is England! The pastures and the hills were the greenest green we had ever seen. Our contentment matched that of the cows and the sheep that grazed right down to the canal's edge. Because the canal has to keep to its own level, we occasionally found ourselves riding high above the roofs of little towns. The canal even crossed over on an aqueduct 600 feet above the River Lune. Lovely trees lined the banks and the tow-path, and white swans often came a-begging as we tied up in a marina for the night. Countless little bridges challenged our seamanship, for it was wise to be near the middle of the arch as we sailed through.

On our third night out we tied up in Lancaster. Just how long ago this area has been inhabited is not really known. Two stone axes dating back to about 2000 B.C. have been found. The Celts and the Romans had forts in the area. Lancaster Castle stands high on a hill overlooking the River Lune, which is tidal and navigable at this point but can be forded at low tide. This castle is nearly 900 years old and the keep is part of the original structure. Countless thousands of criminals of all kinds have been kept here. Many died here.

Assizes were established in 1176 in Lancaster Castle and were held three times a year until 1972, when they were moved to Preston. It was at the Assizes here that George Fox was first tried in 1652 and found not guilty, through the influence of Judge Thomas Fell. However, Fox was imprisoned here in 1660 and again from 1663 to 1665. So many Quakers were incarcerated here that they named one room in the keep "The Quaker Room." The cells are cleaned up now, but they are tiny and dark and cold. One can visit the old Crown Court Room and see where malefactors had the letter "M" branded on their hands at the base of the thumb.

We returned to our "Tranquil Moments" for a good night's sleep. The next day we rented a small car and were off to see more of George Fox's old haunts. Looking across Morecombe Bay from Lancaster we could see the gentle hills about Ulverston. We remembered how Fox often crossed the bay on horseback as he returned to Swarthmoor Hall. It is still crossed today, but only with guides, for there are pockets of quicksand, and the ebb and flow of the tides changes the bay constantly. So we drove north, then west, and finally south to Swarthmoor Hall. On the outside it is a rather homely, grey, three-
story country house. But inside, the story of George Fox and other early Quakers came alive for us, as the kindly and enthusiastic folk who live there shared their knowledge with us. We saw the study where Judge Fell sat, with doors ajar, and listened and doubtless worshiped with his wife Margaret, Fox, and other friends. We saw the little "preaching balcony" on the garden side of the house.

A short drive took us to the old barn that Fox had given for a meetinghouse. We were guided through it by a very dear and gentle caretaker. He took pride in the little things he could do to preserve the building. He stammered rather badly, but he said with quiet joy, "I never stammer when I rise to speak in meeting."

Farther north and east we came to Firbank Fell. (A fell is a high ridge.) In the valley below we found a narrow lane climbing up and up until we reached the top and could see for miles around. One whole hillside nearby was covered with purple heather. Close at hand was a high, grey stone wall, enclosing the area where a little church once stood; now two old tombstones were all that could be seen. Nearby on a hill was a great grey rock, which we reached by climbing over a stile. On the rock, we found a plaque with George Fox's words: "Let Your Lives Speak." This rock is the "pulpit" from which Fox spoke for three hours to over a thousand country folk. Truly, God's spirit was in his words that day, for many were convinced, we are told.

Sedburgh is only three miles from this lonely hillside. Less than a mile from that little town is Brigflatts Meetinghouse, considered by many to be the loveliest old meetinghouse in England. The meeting was "settled" by George Fox in 1652. (You find it by watching most carefully for a tiny lane almost hidden by high hedges.)

The Lancaster Canal ends at Tewitfield, which is less than two miles from Yealand Conyers. There you will find a meetinghouse and a hostel for groups of young pilgrims traveling through. Elfrida Vipont Foulds has lived here for many years, and has written a valuable booklet describing all the old Quaker sites.

There are many other places to see; among them, Pendle Hill, which is only a short distance from the canal. (Somehow no distances seem long in England!)

When we returned to our "Tranquil Moments" that night, it was with deep gratitude in our hearts for all that we had seen and experienced. Two days easy traveling brought us back to Woodplumpton, our starting point.

I can think of no more delightful way to see 1652 country than by houseboat on the Lancaster Canal.
The Evolution Toward a More Loving God

by Samuel Legg

"And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son."

It is comforting to think of the Old Testament as a record—often including marvelous images and sublime poetry—of a people's spiritual voyage from idolatry to the acceptance of a loving, personal God. But it's a rough passage at times. Without approving, one can understand a primitive people's violence, and even their idea of divine justice that slays thousands of the so-called enemy; but I have trouble with the God who plays games with people as seems to be the case with Abraham, or as seems to me unaccountably done when Pharaoh's heart is "hardened" in order to justify visiting plagues on Egypt and its ever-suffering people, or when Job is tested beyond normal endurance.

The God I adore is no stranger to suffering. We are given the free will to make mistakes, to do evil, to torture our fellow beings and then to pay horribly for our crimes (sometimes, apparently, to profit from them). But God never sets up the misery; never creates the impossible situation; never demands injurious behavior. Although we are permitted to get ourselves into extraordinarily difficult positions, God never puts us in them. And always there is held out to us eternal forgiveness for our misbehavior, letting us sense that however evil we have been, there is always the chance to try again, to start and stay on the right track. My God lifts me to a higher morality, encourages that within me that seeks to be more kind and loving, urges me to be of help, not hindrance, to others, and would never suggest to a father that he even think of killing his son.

Furthermore, the loving God I worship will never require such an abomination of me—nor of himself.

I can rejoice with Abraham when his hand is stayed by the angel. The story has a happy ending; the Lord abundantly compensates those who have faith in him. But what a horrifying manifestation of faith! In our study of other religions we would call that kind of faith fanaticism and we would quite properly condemn it. It gets even worse when the Lord says: "By myself have I sworn... for because [my emphasis] thou hast done this thing and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son: That in blessing I will bless thee...." My flesh creeps at regarding such behavior.

I wish the idea were not carried into the New Testament. Unfortunately, it is. Abraham is Paul's one historical reference as he builds his argument for justification through faith (Romans 4). But even more troubling is Paul's comment referring, of course, to God: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all...."

I have no quarrel—on the contrary—with the hope that the real message God was conveying to Abraham, and to us, when the ram was made to appear in the thicket was that the Lord was not the kind of barbaric god that required human sacrifices. It's a bit hard on the ram, but comforting to accept this further step in the evolution towards a more loving God. What I complain about is the agony Abraham was subjected to before learning that good news, to say nothing of the innocent Isaac.

Similarly, I have no complaint with the idea that God sent Jesus to redeem us through living a perfect life in our human environment. After all, it was Jesus who introduced me to the God who wouldn't purposely create suffering. My complaint here is with the frequently expressed Christian emphasis on the idea that God specifically sent his only begotten son to take our sins upon his shoulders and to suffer an unspeakable death on our behalf. A father doesn't do that to his son. If he recognizes the need for suffering, he takes it upon himself. Even if we accept that the Father and Son are one, I still worry about the concept of sending to suffer. Our modern world has taught us too well to live comfortably with violence and human misery. The Prince of Peace, on the other hand, taught us to refrain from violence. Accepting and making part of our folklore Abraham's willingness to commit an atrocity by performing a brutal human sacrifice; accepting and making part of our religious tradition our God's actually committing a similar atrocious sacrifice of his "only begotten son," this is contrary to the life and supremely beautiful message of Jesus and points out how far we still are from understanding his teaching.

It so happens that I have an only son. I will not deliver him up as a sacrifice for anything or anyone. Furthermore, the loving God I worship will never require such an abomination of me—nor of himself.

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Samuel Legg is a member of Stony Run (MD) Meeting who has long had a concern for peace, human equality and elimination of poverty. He and his wife, Edna, are currently living and working at Geneva Friends Center in Switzerland.
The United Nations is holding its first Special Session on Disarmament May 23rd to June 28th in New York. A number of heads of state will address the UN, thus helping to create unusual opportunities to raise disarmament issues in public discussion. Friends' organizations, as well as peace groups around the world, are building programs related to the Special Session.

The initial Quaker United Nations Office contribution to the effort is a series of seminars for UN delegates. Few countries have personnel working on the issues involved. The QUNO seminars are intended to give delegates attending the Special Session some personal working relationship with the issues, so they will feel more at ease in asking questions and suggesting ideas.

Forty-four missions made reservations by the midpoint of the first series of seminars with a good mixture of both geography and ideology represented. There were people from eleven countries from Asia, eleven from Europe (of which six are East European), eight from Africa, eight from the Americas and three from the South Pacific. Also represented were the European Economic Community, the Organization of African Unity and the Holy See.

The seminars are held each Wednesday at a noontime and four o'clock session, during which the same presentation is made. Speakers include persons such as Joseph Goldblat, the senior research officer of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI), Tariq Hyder, Director of the Pakistan Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Jane Sharp of the Harvard Program for Science and International Affairs.

Topics include subjects such as National Initiatives, Nuclear Proliferation, Verification of Disarmament Agreements, and Disarmament and Development. It is too early to evaluate the seminars, but all of the indicators are favorable. Both participants and speakers are enthusiastic about the experience.

Guatemala Friends Worship Group reports that it has received several generous contributions for its community development and scholarship projects. Now it has a list of twenty-eight carefully selected young Indian women and men who are studying to become teachers, social workers, dentists, doctors, nurses, lawyers, and co-op administrators, and are committed to serve Indian communities in rural areas. Individuals or meetings willing to support or "adopt" one of these future Indian leaders should contact Gail Weinrein, Right Sharing (FWCC), 1506 Race St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, or Helen Perkins, P.O. Box 3315, Pasadena, CA 91103, or Tom Hunt, Ap, Postal 29-C, Guatemala, C.A. Room and board for a university student in the capital costs $50 a month; for a secondary student in the women's co-op residence in Huehuetenango the cost is $20 a month.

Refugees from apartheid need your help. Thousands of young people continue to flee from intimidation and police violence in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) to neighboring countries in southern Africa. Some arrive wearing no shoes and only the shirts on their backs. Squeezed into crowded and makeshift shelters, dressed in rgged clothing and lacking warm garments for the cold nights, they need aid of the most basic kind.

The American Friends Service Committee sends material aid, especially clothing, to young persons in Botswana. What is needed:

- Men's and boys' clothing—all kinds
- Shoes and sneakers (new or almost new). Sandals acceptable.
- Trading stamps to allow AFSC to procure special supplies as needed.

Clothing should be in good condition, clean and mended before being sent prepaid to: AFSC Material Aids, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102 (215) 241-7000.

Seeking also to address the root problem of apartheid's survival, AFSC is working to end U.S. undergirding of this system, which victimizes so many, including these refugee schoolchildren. For ideas and resources, see AFSC's Action Guide on Southern Africa, $1.00, PED Resources, AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

For nearly two years Goose Creek Meeting in Lincoln, VA, has been selling bumper stickers with the inscription "Live simply that others may simply live." Fifteen hundred have been sold to people in twenty-two states including Texas, Maine, Alaska and Ontario, Canada, indicating that the interest in simplifying life is widespread. A thousand more bumper stickers have been ordered and are available for fifty cents by writing Agnes Singer, Box 143, Route 4, Leesburg, VA 22075.

Q.E.G. ("Quaker Educational Graft"") carries a notice of the reasons for which New Garden Friends School (Greensboro, NC) is asking the State Board of Education to make its annual testing program voluntary for non-public schools. New Garden stresses its desire to cooperate with the state. It does not wish to adopt an attitude of either isolation or defiance. But without consultation or discussion of possible alternatives, it resents the imposition of a program that presupposes knowledge to be a commodity amenable to testing and measuring. Rather, the school emphasizes critical thinking, problem solving, and the personal applications of knowledge. It believes that the pressures and anxieties connected with standardized testing are not conducive to the learning process for young children. Rather, this should be "a personal adventure, profoundly related to the

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human spirit's perennial quest for truth." All this does not mean that the school is unwilling to administer evaluation tests, but that when these are given they should be in harmony with its values and purposes as a Quaker school, where motivation and interest are more important than measuring up to an external standard.

"For where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there I am in their midst."

"With this as comfort, a heretofore 'impossible' mission: starting a Friends meeting in the only state without one—Mississippi—became a reality!" writes Jimmy Clifton, Clerk of Tupelo (MS) Meeting.

"My wife, Karen, and I had joined the Augusta (GA) Monthly Meeting while I was stationed at Fort Gordon.

"Our lives and spiritual being never experienced such a blessing as during our association with the Religious Society of Friends. So, naturally, when we decided to return to my home state of Mississippi, we were not satisfied with just receiving Wider Quaker Fellowship mailings and the Living Light Series.

"We decided to do something. We wrote more than thirty-five letters to Friends meetings, organizations and individual Friends. Pamphlets, literature and offers for assistance began to pour in. We were now off the ground.

"We hold meetings for worship in our home. We now believe that in a few years we'll have a good-sized meeting and maybe our own meetinghouse! We invite all traveling Friends to come join us for worship and a visit when in our area."

"It is time for us to... examine other ways of punishment than putting criminals behind bars and turning them out as criminals again. Taxpayers will not stand for the financing it will take to house 11,000 more prisoners," said Senator Jones Osborn, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, to his fellow lawmakers, as reported in the Friends Committee on Arizona Legislation Newsletter, in an article on the chances for more state aid for probation services and other alternatives to incarceration.

Friends have ordered a gift subscription to Friends Journal for Tony Reardon (#88528) in prison in Illinois. If there are any Friends in the area who would like to correspond with and visit Tony, he would like to be in touch with them. Hopefully, a meeting will also respond. Tony is described as being a "very interesting and enjoyable person to know." His address: POB 1000, Marion, IL 62959.

Gene Nyman (#146-649) is 21 years old and imprisoned in Lucasville, OH. Feeling that he has lost all contact with the outside world, he would like to hear from anyone who would care to write to a very lonely person. Write him at Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45648.
BOOK REVIEWS


William Law: stubborn, pedantic, conscientiously High Church, an obscure tutor by choice rather than a parish minister or professor, for reasons of conscience; how could such a man see the inner structure of the universe blazing in mystic light?

He did, but even his own writings mask his vision. Read the original full-length version of The Spirit of Love from which these selections are taken (first printed in 1752-54) and one sinks in a quagmire of theological polemic. How his characters, Eusebius, Theophilus and Theogenes, argue! Lines of breath-taking beauty and insight periodically leap out from the argumentation, but it takes a determined soul to stay with the text. Andrew Murray's loving work of distilling illuminated passages from the third dialogue of The Spirit of Love back in 1890 has now been reprinted, and it is very welcome indeed.

If Murray seems to expend somewhat unnecessarily on some of Law's words, he has earned the right by his labors with Law's thought.

Law's basic discovery, first given to the world in A Serious Call To The Devout And Holy Life (printed in 1728), is that we can be what we intend, and that most Christians have totally undeveloped intentions toward God. In The Spirit of Love he shows us that we can die to illusion and live in the bright truth of God not by any contrivance of our own, but by the turning of our spirit to God. We cannot plead incompetence or ignorance, for God stands at all times ready to work in our inward parts.

Law tells us that knowledge, techniques and a romantic yearning for the deity will do nothing for the spiritual life. Let go of self and let God arise in us. His message is not one of passivity, nor is his humility the least bit creaky. He invites us to a rare discipline of the will, and to a life of ardent love. Law was a great spiritual beacon in his own time, spanning the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, loved and widely read by High Church folk and Quakers alike. He can be a fine spiritual companion in our time also.

Elise Boulding

Free for the Postage

A bound copy of Norman J. Whitney's Spectator Papers.

Following Norman Whitney's death, Ray Hartsough and Adele Rickett selected the best of twenty-five years of his monthly writings and published them in book form. I have at least 100 copies which I would be glad to share with my friends. Robert Horton, 855 Woods Road, South­ampton, PA 18966.


The author, Dale Vree, facilitated by grants from the National Science Foundation, University of California, and Earlham College, dispassionately analyzes the timely, controversial topic, "Synthesizing Marxism and Christianity." Dale Vree objectively examines the thoughts of outstanding dialogue Christians: Harvey Cox, a Professor of Church and Society at Harvard University; Jurgen Moltmann, a Professor of Systematic Theology at the University of Tubingen, Germany; and the vocal Marxist Roger Garaudy of Poitiers, France.

Cox speculates that extreme orthodoxy (Christian or Marxist) can tyrannically lock people in "stupified bondage." A central edifice of Cox's thought is "the building of the Kingdom of God on earthly human effort." People need to realize the Promethean mandate of the "Spirit of the Age." Moltmann maintains an appreciative respect for heresy—exclusion of heresy has left churches "more united but poorer." We cannot passively wait for the future; we must "strive" to create heaven on earth. God, ahead of us, leads us forward. The essential nature of God is "future."

Garaudy jettisoned his Stalinist Marxism, disagreed with the invasion of Czechoslovakia, and experienced Party expulsion. He stressed the importance of human freedom; human initiative should not be crushed by dogmatic religion or by oppressive Party. His own personal type of Marxism would not make Christians feel fearful, religion being a private affair—not State.

Top Party powers, rather than citizens at large, promote atheism. On either side of the "dialogue," the middle-of-the-road talkers are the better communicators. It is mandatory that aloof leaders maintain their exemplary integrity. The personal viewpoint of the author is that Marxists and Christians should talk to one another rather than kill one another.

Bessie Wilson Straight


David and Vera Mace are Quakers with distinguished professional careers in marriage counseling and marital enrichment who have had a major impact on the Society of Friends by training Quaker couples as leaders of marriage enrichment workshops. They also have written an enormous number of books of wise advice to married couples.

Their latest book offers not advice but guidance in learning how to have a better marriage. The easiest way to learn is by doing, and that is precisely what this book makes possible.

The book begins with a persuasive introduction about the possibility and necessity of growth in every marriage. The heart of the book is a sequence of exercises to which the couple must devote two hours a week for six weeks. These exercises provide training and practice in communication and problem-solving skills with a judicious emphasis on sharing feelings as well as ideas, including angry, negative feelings as well as the positive ones with which most Quakers are more comfortable.

Any couple (no matter what the state of their marriage) should benefit enormously from using this book. For those who lack the self-discipline to carry through a six-week series on their own, the Maces appropriately suggest that the book might be used by a group of couples meeting together weekly. Margaret Blood and I believe that on-going couples' groups within Friends meetings would find this a valuable framework.

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for learning together. Regardless of whether the book is used by a single couple or by a group, we believe that every couple who complete their six-week contract with the authors will find their channels of communication opened up and their negotiation skills enhanced so that their marriage will never be the same. And as a by-product, we suspect that those who master this book will find themselves applying these same skills in many a Quaker business meeting as well.

Bob Blood


This mammoth book should be in the libraries of meetings and schools. The price alone makes it unrealistic for personal purchase, and the style and organization are not conducive to easy, just-for-intellectual-fun reading. The task Elise Boulding set herself is so overwhelming that it seems almost disrespectful to carp about difficulties. Yet I found, reading the book carefully as a source for my own work in progress concerning only the innovative accomplishments of women, that I was constantly frustrated by the lack of precise dating and national identification of the women described.

Part I is an effective and persuasive overview of pre-history. The 500 pages of Parts II and III attempt to detail both the position of women generally and the individual women who affected civilization as it grew and developed. The decision to group women in large categories—nomads, Islamic women, barbarians, etc.—sacrificed chronology and geography to theme organization. Inasmuch as most of the names cannot be found in encyclopedias, and transliterated names appear differently in different source books, it is almost impossible to move from Boulding's brief descriptions to more specialized resource books. When I tried, the Enoch Pratt librarians expressed immediate skepticism of any request based upon Boulding; they had found too many errors to rely upon her information.

Yet in spite of these caveats, I wholeheartedly recommend this book. There is no other publication even trying to cover the history of women around the globe and across the centuries. Dip in any place and the reader will be filled with a sense that women have really been people, immensely active in the evolution of nations, knowledge, service, agriculture and industry, peace and war. For those who wish to study any aspect of women's accomplishments, the bibliography alone is almost worth the cost of the book. No other chart exists to the one line, one paragraph, one page references to women that must be dug from thousands of male dominated history books. And Part IV, "Prologue to the Future," is provocative and reflects Boulding's great familiarity with social currents and movements all over the world.

Dorothy T. Samuel

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Search for a "Nonviolent Economics"

I have read with great interest Kenneth Boulding’s "query," "A Friendly Clarification," in FJ 11/1/77. I find myself in agreement in large measure with what Kenneth says. Yet I am sufficiently troubled by some of his statements, and especially by what seems to me to be omissions, that I would like to make a few comments. I am making these as an individual and not as a representative of the American Friends Service Committee.

Kenneth may be factually correct in his statement that "For 300 years the main social thrust of the Society of Friends has been towards developing a peaceable and democratic social capitalism," and that "On the whole we have not rejected the institutions of the capital market or the principles of private property and private employees, though we recognize need for socially imposed limits." However, I trust that we do aspire to economic systems and institutions which are more in keeping with our professed principles than are those of the present manifestations of capitalism, even were they ameliorated by application of Friends’ influence.

I agree with Kenneth that Marxism, as presently practiced, or perhaps even in its ideal state, is not an acceptable alternative. I think we should keep in mind always that Marxism and communism are not monolithic. For instance, the communism of Yugoslavia is obviously rather different from that of the Soviet Union. Julius Nyerere, the Tanzanian President, is committed to nonviolence but he also has been deeply affected by Marxist theory. So when we are talking about Marxism, we cannot talk about one single concept or practice worldwide.

Some of us are earnestly searching for an analysis and a theory of economics which are based on nonviolence—which, in contrast to capitalism and Marxism, are rooted in principles compatible with Friends’ long-held testimonies and with the beliefs and practices, even, of other religions and societies. We are reading, writing, studying, researching, theorizing, analyzing to find out whether we can develop both theory and programmatic application (in pilot models, at least) of what we have been calling “nonviolent economics.” In the New England Region of AFSC, we have had a Task Force on Nonviolent Economics, and we will be glad to share our ponderings and findings to date with anyone who is interested, and to report on programs based on this theoretical work.

In response to Kenneth’s article, I am troubled because it seems he is more fearful of communism and its excesses than he is of capitalism or free enterprise and its excesses. I am not sure that the Marxist vision is in such deep conflict with mine, though I am sure that the practice of Marxism as we have seen it in many countries is in conflict with my commitment to nonviolence. But equally so, and perhaps more so, is the practice of capitalism.

How can we reject, for instance, “the concentration of coercive, financial, and persuasive power which is involved in a centrally-planned economy” without rejecting with equal passion the concentration of coercive, financial and persuasive power which is involved in transnational corporations, the military-industrial complex, the CIA/FBI/military intelligence/etc., the support of dictators around the world for the sake of “stability,” and all the other manifestations of an economy controlled by a relatively small grouping of powerful individuals and institutions?

How can we discuss the “class war” of Marxism without also considering the “class war” waged on the poor, the “underdeveloped,” the underemployed, by our own economic system?

Is “atheism and the denial of all validity to religious thought and practice” any worse than the seeming hypocrisy of wealthy capitalists and well-off middle-income people who attend church and profess religion on Sunday, but who ignore it in their businesses, professions and coupon-clipping?

And, while “we cannot accept a dialectical philosophy which is a denial of the transcendent reality and power of love,” are we really able to judge whether, in fact, other people—even Communists—do, or do not, believe in and act out of love? Personally, I believe that the way of love calls for us to reject all violence (to the extent I am capable), but I am not ready to say that some of my black or Vietnamese friends, e.g., those who are not pacifist, are not in their own minds equally called by love.

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Nor am I convinced that I, individually, or with other Friends, could not "survive in a communist society." I know that there are Friends (as well as Catholics, Protestants and Buddhists) surviving and worshiping in communist societies. They are also surviving in fascist societies. Probably no one would deliberately choose to try to survive in such societies if one had a choice, but on the other hand, it is also a constant battle for the human spirit to survive and thrive in our society too—and the obstacles are sometimes less visible and more difficult to resist.

I agree with Kenneth that "we utterly reject the forcible overthrow of communist states by internal or external war." So do we reject the forcible overthrow of our own government. I believe, however, that if we persistently apply the active, nonviolent power of revolutionary love—through education, persuasion, direct action, and if need be, civil disobedience—to overcome the destructive and oppressive institutions of our own society, and if we learn how to build alternative institutions where we cannot change the existing ones, then we will not have to worry about overthrowing or influencing communist governments. A society based on nonviolent principles and practices will be so attractive and so powerful that other kinds will not be able to compete.

Marjorie Swann
Cambridge, MA

A Quibble Over Words?

The article in FJ 1/1/78 by Olcutt Sanders on sexist language seems to me wide of the mark. He writes: "Word choice is not a matter to be determined merely on the basis of individual convenience or traditional usage." Anyone is free to use any word for anything, but if they go beyond reasonable metaphor, they will not be understood in any language.

Traditional usage, on the other hand, is the basis of every language. Grammarians come along later and classify and list what is actually said and written. Grammar is not a matter of whim. George Fox used thou as a singular in accordance with traditional usage, not copying the recent fad of addressing nobility with a flattering plural. Usage changed and made his honest speech peculiar and ultimately obsolete.

As for satisfying extremists (whom Olcutt politely calls "most sensitive"),
that is impossible. One may do something useful, motivated only by good will and with complete humility; the extremist will still call it patronizing or arrogant in order to make a political point or keep alive the hostility of extremist followers.

The plain fact of history is that western civilization has been a man's world and of course this is reflected in the language. The language is not sexist; the institutions and practices were, and the language merely spoke of things as they were. When only males went to college, the graduates were alumni. Now that most alumni associations are half women, is it worthwhile quibbling about the masculine form of the word?

At long last the reality of lack of education for women was attacked and nearly eliminated. Votes for women was another victory. Equal opportunity for jobs and equal pay for equal work are major thrusts still in process. When such significant advances are made within a century, after no appreciable change in three thousand years of recorded history, we are moving fairly rapidly. I doubt if any of these striking changes from past patterns are the result of quibbles about words. I expect just the opposite is true, that language in due time will change as needed to cover changed conditions.

The Saxon God was masculine. If that fact annoyed some extremists, they are free to call God she, or to worship the Magna Mater or Astarte or Cybele, or the he-she combination, Hermaphroditus. It may be that this itch about words is in part derived from the post-Freudian and Marxist approach which has been adopted by U.S. business, which cares not for reality nor truth nor quality, but emphasizes the label, the appearance, the package. We need to get on with the change to meet the biggest challenge of all: the elimination of the age-old cult of male toughness, which, supported by the worship of the Hebrew war god, is used to justify war, rape, wife-beating, and in general the clobbering of women people. Women's rights are too important to be side-tracked by linguistic nonsense.

Donald G. Baker
Hillsboro, NH

Concern about Religious Convictions

After reading a couple of the main articles in FJ 1/1/78, I had the feeling that Friends are becoming increasingly concerned about their religious convictions. These articles seemed to indicate a much greater discussion and much more disagreement about their religious beliefs than I had found in previous articles.

To me, who is not a member of the Religious Society of Friends, but has been a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship for some time, and also a subscriber to the Journal for many years, this is not at all surprising. Such questioning has become quite common in all religious groups, except those cults which do not permit freedom of thought and speech.

There comes to mind a very relevant incident I read about years ago. It is about a remark that very brilliant electrical engineer, Charles Steinmetz, made a few years before his death in the late 20s. This man, who is considered to have been the “father” of our three-phase electrical motors and generators, was not looked upon as a religious person as we normally consider what that is.

On this particular occasion Charles Steinmetz was asked what he thought would be the greatest invention or discovery in the latter part of this century—the period we are now in. Quite naturally the questioner thought that Steinmetz would name some as yet unthought-of wonderful new invention or discovery, something quite breath-taking, worthy of a big headline.

Steinmetz said simply, “The search for God!”

And so indeed this is what is going on, quite vigorously, in many places by many different types of persons, all over this world, in this the last part of the twentieth century just as Charles Steinmetz quite unconsciously predicted.

J. Delmar Crawford
Pittsburgh, PA

Continuity of Quaker Tradition

Probably many Friends will question William Frest’s statement in his article on “Quakerism and the Family” (FJ 1/1/78) that Quakerism today has “almost no relationship with the historic faith of Fox, Penn, and Woolman.” Within ten miles of William Frost’s Friends Historical Library one meeting spent a recent year in the study of Barclay’s Apology with profit and inspiration, and it plans to study Woolman’s Journal during the coming year. To be sure, these books contain much that has disappeared from Quaker thought. But each chapter in Barclay pursued by that
meeting’s study group was discovered to deal with matters still of concern to modern Friends and the reading of those chapters strengthened the group’s feeling of the continuity and persistence of the historic faith. Barclay’s Apology was not mentioned by William Frost, but surely if this can be said of Barclay it can be said with even greater emphasis of Fox, Pen, and Woolman whom he did mention. The contributions of these leaders to what Elbert Russell called “the permanent pattern of Quakerism” are identified by Howard Brinton in his Friends for 300 Years

The reported steady demand at the Friends Book Store for Fox’s and Woolman’s journals, often in quantity to serve study groups of various meetings, is further evidence of Friends’ sense of the relevance of the beliefs and practices of those leaders.

There are other puzzling statements in William Frost’s article. His conclusion that Quakerism remains “distinctively Christian” is undoubtedly sound, but it does not seem to follow from his comment earlier in the article that our mysticism is “with or without a specifically Christian orientation.” Elsewhere he illustrates Quakerism’s current tolerance of diversity (which he succeeds in making appear insipid!) by referring presumably to the recent Conference of Friends in the Americas. Far from illustrating “tolerance,” that conference seems to have shown that many, if not most, Friends stand rather firmly on doctrine. That joint meeting was painful to some attenders, not because of a wishy-washy tolerance, but because of fixed theological views there represented. This was gently brought out by Rachel Osborn in her report on the conference (FJ 10/15/77) and by other attenders.

Ralph C. Preston
Drexel Hill, PA

Commendable

Like all your readers, I am occasionally given to sighing to myself over the lamentable quality of some articles in the Journal. It behooves me, therefore, to praise the ones I really admire.

And I do admire J. William Frost’s “Quakerism and the Family.” He is learned. He is not trite or sentimental. He is provocative. Could we have more historical articles about the Society? Keep up your good labors!

Phil Mullen
Philadelphia, PA

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Christ is gathering a community and leading itself, as in the early years of Quakerism. Publishers of Truth, 26 Boylston St., Cambridge, MA.

Positions Vacant

Scattergood School, a small coeducational, boarding-school seeks to fill the teaching staff needs for 1978-79 and beyond: maintenance, dietician, English, art, ceramics, physical education, dorm sponsor, secretary. Husband and wife combinations encouraged. Multiple skills are important. Contact: Charles Mullendore, Director, West Branch, IA 52358.

New England Friends Home will need a new staff member, starting in September, 1978, as part of our "inner" team. We need help in caring for our thirteen elderly residents. Some knowledge of maintenance desirable. Write: Director, 66 Turkey Hill Lane, Hingham, MA 02043.

Wanted: a warm, affectionate person to share with us the love and care of our newborn child. Daytime responsibilities in our center city Philadelphia home with parents working nearby. Beginning June. A variety of arrangements possible. Please respond via Friends Journal, Box E-709.

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Brooklyn Friends School seeks new principal for fall, seeking to continue commitment to urban education emphasizing Quaker processes. School is day, coed for 570 students in grades K-12, located in downtown Brooklyn. Applications should be submitted promptly to Michael Schatzki, Chairman, Search Committee, Brooklyn Friends School, 375 Pearl Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

Work and live in a spiritual/educational community as caring and freezing coordinator (5 months), office person (3-6 months), child care coordinator and assistant building and grounds person. Room and board and small monthly stipend. Jane Bishop, 301-468-6282, Koinonia, PO Box 5744, Pikesville, MD 21208.

Key staff position—Major responsibilities include supervision of building services staff, security, purchasing, and summer program. Education and experience in any or all of these areas. Campus housing. Please contact John Batley, Westtown School, Westtown, PA 19395. 215-399-0123.

Math teacher. A small Quaker high school needs a married couple to houseparent and to fill the math position. Farm and maintenance skills will be useful. Address inquiries to Box M, The Meeting School, Ridge, NH 03461. 603-899-3366.

Farm manager for small organic dairy farm at a Quaker-related farm will instruct students in working with draft horses, tractors, and field crops. Reply to Box FC, The Meeting School, Ridge, NH 03461. 603-899-3366.

Directing council or director sought for Powell House, Center of New York Yearly Meeting to start August 1, 1978. Position entails responsibility for program direction, staff supervision, maintaining finances, and communications. For further information or to submit resume write to: Search Committee, 19 Johnson Avenue, Kingston, NY 12401. Equal Opportunity Employer.

Retirement

College Program for Retired People. The Friends Home, Inc. is accepting applications for retired people for this college. It is located in southwestern Ohio in one of the oldest Friends centers west of the Alleghenies. For information write or call Beulah Davis, Administrator, Quaker Heights Senior Living Center, 514 W. High Street, Waynesville, OH 45068. Telephone: 513-897-6050.

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Arthur Morgan School, Coeducational junior high boarding school founded in 1902. 25 students, 15 staff. Individualized instruction, family atmospheres. Innovative curriculum. Integrated program of academics, work, arts and crafts, outdoor activities. 3.5-week education field trip. Beautiful mountain setting. Freedom within a structure. Route 5, Box 78, Bunnell, NC 28604.


Can through college be a time of meaningful learning in a community where students and faculty are enjoying life's opportunities? A Quaker School in West Branch, Iowa, has room for new students in grades 2-12. Comprehensive working learning, worship and play with sixty other students and 20 faculty. Cost: $2,900. Write Scattergood School or phone 319-643-5035.

The Meeting School is for high school students who are seeking an alternative, Quaker education. Intentionally small to enable students and faculty to reach decisions together. Students share faculty family homes, house and farm duties. Coed, boarding, grades 10-12 and post grad, founded in 1957. Accredited—challenging academics, college prep, crafts, individual projects during March, animal husbandry, horticulture, forestry. Write: Admissions, The Meeting School, Rindge, NH 03461 or call 603-899-3366.

Services Offered

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Road, Philadelphia, PA 19115. 484-2307.

Summer Rentals


Enjoy the White Mountains in a secluded cabin with electricity, running water and swimming. Mary S. Oliver, 800 W. Market Street, West Chester, PA 19380.


Spacious cottage, Plymouth, MA for 8-10. 35 wooded acres, private waterfront on clear lake. 1 hour to Boston, near Route 3 and Cape. $200 weekly. R. Conant, 506 Elliot Street, Milton, MA. 617-696-6293. Spring, summer, fall.


Travel

Four vacancies remain for eight-week summer 1978 journey to peace to Northern Ireland and Berlin. $1500 cost. Applicants shall be of high school or senior high school age. Those interested should immediately contact Alice Wiser, Global Awareness, A Project of Friends, 341 South Union, Burlington, VT 05401.

Wanted

San Francisco Monthly Meeting needs a host (or, preferably, host couple) for Friends Center, beginning September, 1978. One-bedroom apartment is provided as compensation. Applicants should be knowledgeable in the ways of Friends. Write: Property & Finance Committee, 2160 Lake Street, San Francisco, CA 94112.

We are Friends, with 2 young children, interested in rural living in a loose-knit community of Friends. Information about such gatherings of Friends appreciated. Box E-714, Friends Journal.


Workshops

MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-5860.

Canada
TORONTO, ONTARIO—90 Lowther Ave. (North from cor, Bloor and Bedford.) Meeting for worship every First-day 11 a.m. First-day school same.

Mexico
MEXICO CITY—Unprogrammed meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Casa de los Artigas, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 6, D.F. Phone: 535-27-52.

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sun. For information phone Nancy Whitt, clerk, 205-823-3637.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McAllister, clerk. Meeting address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff 86001. Phone: 928-774-4026.

PHOENIX—1702 E. Glendale, Phoenix, 85020. Worship and First-day school 11 a.m. Olive Goodykoontz, clerk. 751 W. Detroit St., Chandler 85244. 602-985-5646.

TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 967-3283.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 738 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m. Steven S. Spencer, clerk. Phone: 520-325-0612.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting. First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 94705.

CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

DAVIS—Meeting for worship, First-day, 9:45 a.m. 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5924.

FRESNO—10 a.m. College Y Pax Del Chapel, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone: 237-3030.

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodrose Dr., 94541. Phone: 415-651-1543.

LA JOLLA—Meeting 11 a.m., 7380 Eads Ave. Visitors call 459-8600 or 277-2737.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Brienne Manor, 3333 Pacific. Call 434-1004 or 831-4066.


MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-457-3041.

MARIN—Meeting for worship, First-day school, 10 a.m. Room 3, First Congregational Church, 8 N. San Pedro Rd., Box 4111, San Rafael, CA 94903. Call Tom & Sandy Fairley, 415-472-5577 or Louise Aldrich, 415-883-7565.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call 375-3637 or 654-9831.

ORANGE COUNTY—Worship 10:30 a.m. University of California at Irvine (Univ. Club, Trailer T-1). Phone: 348-9892 or 552-7691.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 967 Colorado.

PASADENA—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

REDLANDS—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 114 W. Vina. Clergy: Peggy Power, 714-792-9676.

RIVERSIDE—Unprogrammed worship, First-day school, 10:30. Phones: 682-5364 or 663-4686.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA, 17th and L Sts. First-day school and meeting for worship 10 a.m. Discussion at 11 a.m. Phone: 985-0648.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship. First-days 10:30 a.m. 8448 Seminole Dr., 629-2204.

SAN FERNANDO—Family sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 15366 Bledsoe St. Phone: 367-5398.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2160 Lake St. Phone: 752-7446.

SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. Singing 10 a.m. 1041 Morse St.

SANTA BARBARA—591 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito, (YMCA) 10:30 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 303 Walnut St. Clerk: 408-427-2545.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school and meeting at 11 a.m. 1440 Harvard St. Call 828-4009.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting. Worship and First-day school 10 a.m. 840 Sonoma Ave., Santa Rosa. Clerk: 707-593-8053.

TEMPLE CITY (near Pasadena)—Paciﬁc Acolyths Friends Meeting, 8210 N. Temple City Blvd. Meeting for worship, Sunday 11 a.m. For information call 827-6686 or 798-3456.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m. Call 724-4908 or 722-3933. P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.

WESTWOOD—(West Los Angeles)—Meeting 10 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA bus stop). Phone: 472-7560.

WHITTIER—Whittier Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Painter and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122. Phone: 938-7536.

Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 448-6000 or 494-2962.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 a.m., 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12, 2280 South Columbine St. Phone: 722-4125.

PUEBLO—Worship group, 543-0712.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3531.

MIDDLETOWN—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Russell House (Wesleyan University), corner High & Washington Sts. Phone 349-3614.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 933-2099.

NEW LONDON—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m., Thames Science Ctr. Clerk: Battle Chw. Phone: 442-7947.

NEW MILFORD—Housatonic Meeting: Worship 10 a.m. Rte. 7 at Lanesville Rd. Phone: 203-354-7656.

STAMFORD-GREENWICH—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Weecker and Roxbury Roads. Stamford. Clerk: Rosa Packard, W. Old Mill Rd., Greenwich, 96830.

STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eagleville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 429-4459.

WATERFORD—Meeting 10 a.m., Waterford Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 274-6599.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 762-9689. Marjorie Walton, clerk, 203-647-4009.

Delaware
CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. First-day school 10 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Phones: 284-9836; 697-7725.

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Friends Journal, 152-A N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102
HOCKESIN—North of road from Voryalin, at
crossroad. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.;
First-day school, 11:10 a.m.

NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 9:30 a.m., United
Campus Ministry, 20 Orchard Rd. Phone: 388-1041.

ODESSA—Worship, first Sundays, 11 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Alapocas, Friends School. Wor-
ship: 9:15, First-day school 10:30 a.m.

WILMINGTON—4th & West Sts., 10 a.m., worship

District of Columbia

WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; wor-
ship group, 9 a.m., adult discussion, 10 a.m.-
11 a.m.; 11 a.m.-noon; First-day school, 11 a.m.-
12 noon. Worship group, Thursday evenings
at 7 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave., N.W., near
Connecticut Ave.

Florida

CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., YWCA,
222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 447-4907.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San
Juan Ave. Phone: 977-0457.

GAINESVILLE—1921 W. 2nd Ave., Meeting and
First-day school, 11 a.m.

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YWCA. Phone
contact 369-4345.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach meeting 10:30 a.m,
823 North A St. Phone: 586-6060 or 848-3148.

MIAMI-CORAL GABLES—Meeting 10 a.m., 1185
Sunset Rd., Heather C. Moore, clerk, 361-2599.

ORLANDO—Meeting 10:30 a.m., 316 E. Marks St.,
Orlando 32803. Phone: 843-2351.

SARASOTA—Worship 11 a.m., American
Red Cross Annex, 307 S. Orange Ave., Mary Margaret
McCabe, clerk. Phone: 355-2922.

ST. PETERSBURG—Meeting 10:30 a.m. 130 19th
Ave., S.E.

WINTER PARK—Meeting 10 a.m. Alumni House,
Rollins College. Phone: 644-7402.

Georgia

ATLANTA—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.,
1384 Fairview Road, N.E. 30306. Courtney
Slocum, clerk, phone: 525-3512. Quaker House
phone: 373-7986.

AUGUSTA—340 Telfair St. Unprogrammed meet-
ing 10:30 a.m. Sunday in Meetinghouse. For infor-
mation phone 733-4220 or 733-1767.

SAVANNAH—Meeting for worship 10 a.m. YWCA,
105 W. Ogletree Ave. 790-0652 or 235-8527.

Hawaii

HONOLULU—Sundays, 3426 Oahu Avenue, 9:45,
hymn singing; 10, worship and First-day school.
Over-night inquiries welcomed. Phone: 980-2714.

MAUI ISLAND—Meetings every other week in
Friends' homes. For information contact Sakiko
Okubo (873-6224) or Hilda Voss (879-2046) on
Maui, or call Friends Meeting on Oahu at 988-2714.

Illinois

BLOOMINGTON—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.,
Moore's Pike at Smith Rd. Call Norris Wentworth,
phone: 336-3003.

HOPEWELL—20 W. Richmond; between I-70,
US 40, 170 ex 55 Wilbur Wright Rd., 111. S., 1
mi. S. W., 1 mi. W. Unprogrammed worship, 9:30,
discussion, 10:30. Phone: 476-7214 or 987-7367.

INDIANAPOLIS—Lanthorn Meeting and Sugar
Grove. Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Sugar
Grove Meeting House. Willard Heiss, 257-1081 or
Albert Heiss.

INDIANAPOLIS—North Meadow Circle of Friends.
Unprogrammed worship 10 a.m. 1000 W. 58th St.
Phone 253-1870. Children welcome.

RICHMOND—Clear Creek Meeting, Stout
Memorial Meetinghouse, 737 W. 10th St.
Unprogrammed worship, 9:15 a.m. Clerk, Laurence E.
Strong, 966-2455.

VALPARAISO—Unprogrammed worship Sundays.
For information phone 928-3172 or 464-2363.

WEST LAFAYETTE—Worship 10 a.m. South
First Street. Phone: 743-4928. 465-5920. Other
times in summer.

Iowa

AMES—Meeting for worship 10:15 a.m. Forum
11:15 a.m. YWCA-Alumni Hall, ISU Campus. For
information and summer location call 299-2221.
Welcome.

DES MOINES—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.;
College Meetinghouse, 421 Grand Ave. Phone: 274-4651.

IOWA CITY—Unprogrammed meeting for worship
Sunday, 11 a.m. 311 N. Linn.柯内尔, Judy
Gibson. Phone 319-351-2102.

Kansas

LAWRENCE—Oread Friends Meeting, Danforth
Chapel, 14th and Jayhawk. Unprogrammed meeting
10 a.m., discussion 11 a.m. Phone: 943-6926.

WICHITA—University Friends Meeting, 1460 Un-
iversity Ave. Unprogrammed meeting, 8:45 a.m.
First-day school 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship
11 a.m. Jack R. and Davis Kingrey, ministers.
Phone: 262-0471.

Kentucky

LEXINGTON—Unprogrammed worship and First-
day school, 4 p.m. For information, call 290-2923.
LOUISVILLE—Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.
Children's classes 11:30 a.m. 3050 Bon Air Ave.,
40205. Phone: 452-6812.

Louisiana

BATON ROUGE—Unprogrammed meeting for wor-
ship. In Baton Rouge call Quentin Jenkins, clerk,
346-09.

NEW ORLEANS—Worship Sundays, 10 a.m.,
Presbyterian Student Center, 1122 Broadway.
Phone: 622-3411 or 681-6022.

Maine

BAR HARBOR—Acadia meeting for worship in
evening. Phone: 280-3419 or 244-713.

MID-COAST AREA—Unprogrammed meeting for
worship 10 a.m. at Damariscotta Library. Phone:
563-3454 or 563-8255.

ORONO—Unprogrammed meeting. MCA Bldg.,
College Ave. Phone: 886-236.

PORTLAND—Portland Friends Meeting. Riverton
Section, Route 302. Worship and First-day school,
10 a.m. Phone: 774-2246 or 839-5551.

Maryland

ADELPHI—Near University of Maryland. 2303
Metzott Rd. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship,
10 a.m. Deborah James, clerk. Phone: 422-9280.

ANNAPOLIS—Worship, 11 a.m., former St. Paul's
Chapel, Rt. 175 (General's Hwy.), and Crawnsville
Rd. P.O. Box 3142, Annapolis 21403. Clerk,

BALTIMORE—Worship 11 a.m.; Stony Run,
5118 N. Charles St., 425-7773; Homewood, 3107
N. Charles St. 235-4438.

BELTSHEBA—Sowell Friends Lower School, Edge-
moor Lans & Beverly Rd. Classes 10:15; worship
11 a.m. Phone: 332-1156.

CHESTERTOWN—Chester River Meeting, Worship
and First-day school, 11 a.m. 127 High St. George
Gerendey, clerk.

EASTON—Third Haven Meeting and First-day
school, 10 a.m. 405 South Washington St. Frank
Ziegler, clerk, 634-2461; Lorraine Caglletti,
622-2963.

SANDY SPRING—Meetinghouse Road, at Rt. 108.
Worship, 9:30 and 11 a.m.; first Sundays, 9:30
only. Classes, 10:30 a.m.

SPOKES—Gunpowder Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.
For information call 472-2551.

UNION BRIDGE—Pipe Creek Meeting—(near)—
Worship, 11 a.m.

Massachusetts

ACTON—Meeting for worship and First-day
school. Sunday, 10 a.m., Acton Barn Cooperative
Nursery, 311 Central St., W. Acton. (During summer
in homes.) Clerk: John S. Barlow. Phone:
617-369-9206/233-5522.

AMHERST-NORTHAMPTON-GREENFIELD—
Meetings for worship 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. First-day
school at 10 a.m. Summer months: worship at 10 a.m.
only. Mt. Toby Meetinghouse. Route 63 in Lovett.
Phone 253-9427.
JAMAICA PLAIN—Cleric Correspondence: 4011 Norfolk, Detroit 48221. Discussion, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. School, 10 a.m. Abbott DETROIT—Meeting, 363-2043.

GRAND RAPIDS—Meeting, 6159.

363-2043.

WEST FALMOUTH—Meeting, 432-1131.


ALMA—Meeting, 501 Piny St. Phone: 754-3877. If no answer call 755-0276.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

ALMA—mt. PLEASANT—Unprogrammed meeting 10:30 a.m. First-day school. Nancy Nagler, clerk. 772-2262.

ANN ARBOR—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; adult discussion, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1430 Hill St. Clerk: Benton Meeks. Phone 475-7749.

BIRMINGHAM—Phone: 313-334-3666.

DETROIT—Friends Church, 8640 condoms. Sunday school, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: William Kirk, 16790 Starmoor, Livonia 48154.

DETROIT—Meeting, Sunday, 10 a.m., 7th floor, University Center Bldg., Wayne State University. Correspondence: 4011 Norfolk, Detroit 48221. Phone: 341-8404.

EAST LANSING—Meeting for worship and First-day school, Sunday 12:30 p.m., All Saints Church Ill. 800 Abbey Road. Call 371-1754 or 351-3094.

GRAND RAPIDS—Meeting for First-day school 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m. Clerk: Chem St., SE. For particulars phone 816-363-2042 or 816-854-1429.

KALAMAZOO—Meeting for worship and First-day school 10 a.m. Discussion and child care 11 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 208 Denner. Phone 348-1754.

KANSAS CITY—Penn Valley Meeting, 4405 Gillham Rd., 10 a.m. Call 816-931-5556.

ROLLA—Preparative Meeting, Sundays, 6:30 p.m. Elkina Church Education Bldg., First & Elm Sts. ST. LOUIS—Meeting, 2539 Rockford Ave., Rock Hill, 11 a.m. Phone: 721-0915.

SEYMOUR—Discussion 10 a.m., unprogrammed worship 11. Write Jim/Dona McKibbuck, Sun­rise Farm, Rt. 1, Seymour 65748.

ALMA-MT.

LASS VEGAS—Paradise Meeting: worship 12 noon, 3451 Middlebury, 456-581 or 565-8442.

RENO—Discussion 10-11:45 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., First-day school, 9 a.m. June-Sept. Friends House, 560 Cranleigh Dr., Reno 89512. Phone 323-1302.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CONCORD—Worship 10 a.m. Children’s worship and social time, 11:15 a.m. Merrimack Valley Day Care Center, 19 N. St. Phone: 783-0556.

DOVER MONTHLY MEETING


WEST EPPING ALLOWED MEETING—Friends St., West Epping. Worship 1st & 3rd Sundays at 10:30. Fritz Bell, clerk. Phone: 603-569-2437.

HANOVER—Meeting, Sunday 10:45 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 28 Rope Ferry Rd. Phone: 843-4138. Clerk: Peter Benin, 12 Ledyard St., phone: 843-5524.

PETERBOROUGH—Monadnock Meeting. Worship and First-day school 10:45 a.m. Odd Fellows Hall, West Peterborough. Singing may precede Meeting.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Alfred Hoge, clerk. Phone: 255-9011.

GALLUP—Sunday, 10 a.m. worship at 1715 Helena Dr. Chuck Deton, convener. Phone: 863-4897 or 863-9125.

SANTA FE—Meeting Sundays, 11 a.m., Olave Ruch Studio, 630 Canyon Road. Jane Forsker-Thompson, clerk.

SOCORRO—Meeting for worship and 1st and 3rd Sun­days, 10:30 a.m. 1 Olive Lane. Joanne Ford, convener. Phone: 835-1149.

New York

ALBANY—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 485-0804.

ALFRED—Meeting for worship 9:15 a.m. at The Gothic, corner Ford and Seylur Sts.

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting. 1 p.m. 7th­day worship. By appointment only. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Requests must be processed through Phyllis Rantamten Glover, 120 Homer St., Union Springs, NY 13160. Phone: 315-889-5927.

BROOKLYN—110 Schermerhorn St. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 5th day; meeting for dis­cussion 10 a.m.; coffee hour noon. Child care pro­vided. Information: 212-777-8888 (Mon.-Sat., 9-5). Meeting address: Box 730, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 72 N. Parade. Phone TX 2-8645.

BULLS HEAD RD.—N. Dutchess Co., 4 mi. E. Tecumseh Flr. Worship 10 a.m. Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m.

CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting for worship and First-day school 10:30 a.m. Phone: 914-239-8904. Clerk: 914-769-4610.

LONDON GROVE—friends meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m. Child care/First-day school 11 a.m. Newark Road and Lake Dr. 324.

MEDIA—125 West Third St. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MEDIA—Providence Meeting, Providence Rd., Media 15 miles west of Philadelphia. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MEON—Meetinghouse Lane at Montgomery. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., first-day school 10:15 a.m. (no meeting 8 a.m.) Babysitting 10:15 a.m. MIDDELETOWN—Delaware County, Rte. 352 N. of Lima. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

MIDDLETOWN—At Langhorne, 453 West Maple Ave. First-day school 9:30 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

MILLVILLE—Main St. Worship 10 a.m., First-day school 11 a.m. Pamela Klinger, 717-465-5444.

MUNCHY AT PENNSDALE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Rickle and Michael Gross, clerks. Phone: 717-564-3324.

NEWTOWN—Bucks Co. —Meeting 11 a.m. First-day school First-day Family Meeting 10:45 a.m. Jan./Feb. Meeting 11 a.m. Clerk, 215-565-7238.


NORRISTOWN—Friends Meeting, Swede Meetinghouse Rd., near Ambler. Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.

VALLEY—West Side of King of Prussia, on old Rte. 202 and Old Eagle School Rd. First-day school and forum, 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m. Monthly meeting during forum time 2nd Sunday of each month.

WEST CHESTER—400 N. High St. First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; worship, 10:45 a.m.

WEST GROVE—Harmony Rd. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., followed by adult class 2nd and 4th First-days.

WESTTOWN—Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m., Sunday, Westtown School Campus, Westtown, PA 19395.

WILKES-BARRE—North Branch Monthly Meeting, Wyoming Seminary Day School, 1500 Wyoming Ave., Forty-four. Fort. Sunday School, 10:15 a.m.; meeting, 11 a.m., through May.

WILLISTOWN—Goshen and Warren Rds., Newtown Square, Pa. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., Forum 11 a.m., Thursday.

WRIGHTSTOWN—First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.

YARDLEY—North Main St. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. First-day school follows meeting during winter months.

YORK—135 W. Philadelphia St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-days.

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Mari- brush Memorial Library, 1855 Rhode Island Ave. Worship and First-day meeting 10:30 a.m.; First-day school 9:15 a.m. Phone: 401-847-3445.

PROVIDENCE—99 Morris Ave, corner of Olney St. Meeting for worship 11 a.m. each First-day.

WESTERLY—57 Elm St. Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., except June through Sept., 10:30 a.m. Sunday school, 11 a.m.

South Carolina

COLUMBIA—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 3203 Brattton St. Phone: 706-247-6178.

South Dakota

SIOUX FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting 11 a.m., 2307 S. 1st. Phone: 605-334-8100.

Tennessee

CHATTANOOGA—Worship 10:30, forum 11:30. Second St, 516 Vine St. Larry Ingle, 620-5914.

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m., 2004 Ashken Ave. Clerk, J. Richard Houghton. Phone: 615-292-7406.

WEST KNOXVILLE—Worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. D.W. Newton, 893-8540.

Texas

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. Forum 12:00. 3014 Washington Square, 425-2941; Ethel Barrow, clerk, 469-5830.


EL PASO—Worship 10 a.m., 1100 Cliff St. Clerk: William Cornell, 549-7248.

HOUSTON—Live Oak Meeting. Worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 1540 Baylor Blvd. Clerk: Malcolm McCord, 626-8479.

MIDLAND—Worship 10:30 a.m., Trinity School Library, 5350 West Valdosta, Clerk, Peter D. Clark. Phone: 987-1828.

SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. Sundays, YWCA, 318 McCollough, 78210. Houston Wade, clerk. 512-736-2367.

Utah

LOGAN—Meeting 10:30 a.m. Cache Library, 90 N. 100 E. Phone: 752-2702.

SALT LAKE CITY—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 232 University Street. Phone 801-497-1538.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elem. School, W. Main St. P.O. Box 221, Bennington 05201. Info. 442-6311.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 170 No. Prospect St. 224-8449.

MIDDLEBURY—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. St. Mary's School, Shannon St.

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Phone Gilbert, 3114-248-2291 or Lowe, Montpelier, 802-223-3742.

PLYMOUTH—Wideness Meeting, 10:30 a.m. Sunday, Farm and Wilderness Camps near Plymouth; N. entrance, Rt. 100. Kate Brinton, 225-8642.

PUTNEY—Worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. The Grammar School, Hickory Ridge Rd.

Virginia

CHARLOTTESVILLE—Janie Porter Barrett School, 410 Ridge St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m.; worship, 11 a.m.

LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m.

McLEAN—Langley Hall Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., junction old Rte. 123 and Rte. 193.

RICHMOND—First-day school 10 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone: 356-5185 or 272-9115. June-August, worship 10 a.m.

ROANOKE—North Possible Friends Meeting, Gamerle World Meeting, 334-8789, and Blackburn Preparatory Friends Meeting, clerk: Judy Heald, 546-9119.

VIRGINIA BEACH—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. (Based on silence) 1537 Laskin Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting, 253 North Washington, Worship, 10:15 a.m. Phone: 967-8407.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4019 9th Ave., N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11 a.m. Phone: ME2-7006.

SPokane—Silent meeting 10 a.m. Phone 457-3252 evenings and weekends. Skip Welch.


West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, Sundays 10-11 a.m., Civil War Reenactment, St. E., Steve Mininger, clerk. Phone: 342-6838 for information.

Wisconsin

BELoit—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Diary St. Phone: 658-3656.

EAU CLAIRE—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Cell 235-9746 or 832-0004 for schedule, or write to Box 502, Colfax, WI 54730.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 336-0869.

KICkAPOO VALLEY—Friends Worship Group, 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Write DuViviers, R.D. 1, Raeburn, WI 54639, or call 826-5132.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m. Friends House. 200 Monroe St., 556-2269; and 11-15, Yahare Allowed Meeting, 619 Riverside, 249-7255.

MILWAUKEE—the 10 a.m. 610 N. Jackson. (RM. 400). Phone: 278-0850 or 967-2100.

OSHKOSH—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 545 Riverside St. 414-233-5803.

Wyoming

SHERIDAN—Silent worship Sundays, 10 a.m. For information call 672-5006 or 672-5004.
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